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THE
PARSON

AND
His CLERK.

Occasion'd by a Pamphlet entitl'd, *A Letter to the Rev. Dr. CODEX, on the Subject of his modest Instruction to the Crown, &c.*

Fiat Lex, currat Justitia.



DUBLIN Printed:

London Re-printed, for M. Pike, near Cheapside.

[Price One Shilling.]

M.DCC.XXXIV.

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Rev. Dr. CODEX.

Reverend SIR,

THE following Tale, which differs only in the Verification from what is contained in the *inimitable* Pamphlet, address'd to you by way of Letter, cannot be so remote in Respect of Time, as not to come within the Sphere of your Memory. I am persuaded, that a Gentleman of your great *Piety, Humility, Self-denial, and extensive Charity*, must detest and abhor the Proceedings of the Persons mentioned therein; the one for his *unnatural Amours*, the other for his *shameful Devices*, whereby he SCREEN'D a *false Brother* from Justice, though he had prosecuted to Death others, who had been guilty of the like odious Practices, and I am apt to think you are of the same Opinion with the Poet:

————— *Tantum conspectus in se*

Crimen habet, quanto major, qui peccat, habetur.

You must needs concur with me, that a *Superiour*, who will protect the *worst Sort of Men in their Crimes*, even though they happen to be of their own Order, ought to be *stigmatized with indelible Infamy*; for they, who will *prostitute their Authority* to such *unchristian Ends*, do in a manner countenance them, and then it will follow that *Qui non prohibet cum potest, jubet*. If you were guilty of such *Enormities*, you must tacitly condemn your self; but as all the World acknowledge you to be a Person of the *strictest Virtue and Morality*, not in the least addicted to *Ambition, Pride, Malice, or Avarice*; no Encourager of *perjured Informers*, not a Person who will screen a *notorious Offender*, even in his *Clerical Capacity*, I congratulate you thereupon, and beg Leave to subscribe my self,

YOURS, &c.

PHILALETHES.

Reverend Sir,

Parson and his Clerk, &c.**N**OT *Light* from *Darkness* differs more,Or a chaste *Woman* from a *Whore*;Not *Vice* from *Virtue*, *Heat* from *Cold*,Or a meek *Spirit* from a *Scold*;Not *Whig* from *Tory*, or a *Maid*From one *seduc'd*, and eke *betray'd*;As a good *Shepherd* from a *bad One*,

And you shall find that we have had one:

No Wonder then if *Flocks* do *STRAY*,When *Evil Pastors* lead the *Way*.A *Priest*, who *Rector* was, or *Vicar*,And lov'd a Cup of humming *Liquor*;A mortal *Foe* to every *Lass*,Yet never flinch'd, or baulk'd his *Glass*;Whose *Blood*, made languid by hard *Thinking*,Enliv'ned was by harder *Drinking*;A *P*-----*n* true, who, as 'tis said,

Had fasted oftner than he pray'd;

Now

Now rosey grew, robust, and jolly,
 Whose chief Delight was in a M---y;
 To his *Superiour* a mere *Bigot*,
 And play'd at *Fosset* and at *Spiggot*.

A virtuous Life he seem'd to lead,
 But his Religion was his *Trade*,
 A Cloak he made it to conceal
 The *freely Itching* of his *T---T*
 No Man more zealous for the *Church*,
 Yet always left her in the *Lurch*:
 No *Non-Con*, with a Heart impure,
 No *Hypocrite* look'd more demure,
 At Hours of Pray'r few were exacter,
 But none had such a *vile Character*,
 In Principles a Profligate,
 And practis'd Crimes he seem'd to hate;
 So rigid in his Persecution,
 You'd think his Soul was all Confusion,
 If any 'scap'd the *Fatal Tree*,
 Tho' not more guilty they than *He*.

This *Priest*, or *P——n*, 'tis no matter,
 Call him the former, or the latter,
 To all the World was too well known,
 By each *immortal Practice* shewn;
 And by his *steddy Disaffection*,
 Yet after all he found *Protection*.
 This *wicked Priest* (what better cou'd
 Expected be from *Flesh and Blood*
 Contaminated and polluted,
 By Crimes that best his *Fancy suited*)
 Was as *unnat'ral* in his *Vices*,
 As a rich Heir in Eating nice is;
 In his Behaviour too as hateful,
 As he by Nature was ungrateful.
 By his *Amours* so shocking he
 Long branded was with *Infamy*;
 Yet valued not the *odious Shame*,
 And said, 'twas nought but *common Fame*:
 Then *common Fame* he call'd a *Liar*,
 So gratify'd his curs'd Desire.

At length by one of flagrant Kind,
Which Heav'n decreed shou'd then take Wind,
This pious Priest, this holy Widgeon,
Who made a May-game of Religion,
Detected was, and then expos'd,
Spurn'd, and by all the Parish nos'd.
Behold the sudden Turn of Fate!
He, who before was so elate,
With Air superbe, and haughty Mein,
As if his Equal none had been,
Who strutted as he walk'd along,
And with Disdain look'd on the Throng,
Expecting, if he gave a Nod,
That they shou'd worship him a God,
Like a Sheep-biter, hangs his Ears,
Half dead with his increasing Fears.

This Enemy to Circumcision,
Who held Things Sacred in Derision;
In outward Shew this Holy Teacher,
But inwardly a zealous Leacher;

This

This perjur'd Piece of Flesh and Blood,
 Who nought had in him that was good:
 This *Priestly*, domineering Spark,
 Had an *Amour* with his *Own Clerk*:
 Long had he practis'd on his Body,
 So passive was the simple Noddy:
 For this Priest lov'd, it seems, a *Podex*,
 Much better than he did his *CODEX*.
 But he, without the least Remorse,
 So often to him had Recourse,
 He brought him, for he rode too fast,
 Into the Surgeon's Hand at last:
 He underwent their Operations,
 Enough to try a *Stoic's* Patience.

But tho' the Priest was so laborious,
 The Fact indeed was too notorious
 To let the Crime of this Jack-Afs
 Unpunish'd, or uncensur'd pass.
 But as the Clergy made no Pother
 In prosecuting this false Brother,

For

For Reasons to themselves best known,
 Which they in Prudence will not own;
 The honest Laity thought fit
 The Sec'lar Power should judge of it
 Said, He deserv'd, by his Defection,
 The Civil Magistrat's Correction;
 And what, but Loss of Life alone,
 For such an Evil cou'd attone?

But while this was in Agitation,
 The Priest's *Superiour* shew'd Compassion;
 And, for the Honour of his Order,
 He interpos'd like a Recorder;
 With Ostentation great he boasted
 How many Persons he had roasted;
 And for a scandalous Offence,
 Unworthy of a Man of Sense;
 A Prosecution he had voted,
 And with a fervent Zeal promoted,
 Against that vile, *unmat'ral* Sin,
 Which to increase did then begin;

Therefore, by Rigour of the Laws,
 For Virtue's and Religion's Cause,
 Many pursu'd, and many hurl'd
 To meet their Fate in *both* World.

This Priest, who in the District liv'd,
 And Doctrine preach'd, he never believ'd,
 But thought the Gospel a dead Letter,
 Or sure his Practice had better,

Was, by Distinction of his Merit,
 Which he at all times did inherit,
 To this, so Rev'rend Man, well known,
 And all his Merit, that we shewn,
 Was, that he wou'd be by Persuasion,
 A vi'lent Bigot on Occasion.

With Zeal the *kind* Superiour fired,
 (A *pious* Zeal, no doubt) desired,
 That the Delinquent, who had been
 Guilty of such a heinous Sin,
 Since he Religion did deride,
 Might first i'th' *Spirit'al-Court* be try'd,

Where,

Where, to increase th' impending Storm, and

He might divested be, in Form, —

Of Gown Ecclesiastical,

Then decently turn'd o'er to All

The Rigour of the *Sec'lar Power*,

Who Vengeance on his Head wou'd shower

For each Offence, and every Evil

In his Capacity call'd Civil,

Which he attempted when he wore

The *Habit Clerical* before:

Adding, with Vigor he'd proceed,

To which the *Laiety* agreed.

Now who, that has but common Sense,

Cou'd think this was a fly Pretence?

That such a plausible Harrangue,

Which so long on his Tongue did hang,

Was nothing but a mere Finneffe,

To save the Priest in his Distress

From being brought to Execution,

For *Sodomitical* Pollution,

And

And mult him in so small a Sum,

Which he with Ease might overcome?

Then set at Liberty, his Crime

He might repent some other Time.

A Prosecution was begun,

Which, Wild-fire like, at first did run;

Under this Management, with Fury,

Was carried on, I do assure y',

At least it seem'd so in the Eyes

Of those who gaz'd with great Surprise,

This Prosecution by Delays,

Demurrers, and some other Ways,

To such a length at last was spun,

That it no farther there cou'd run;

In Condemnation of the Party,

Who ne'ertheless look'd brisk and hearty;

It

It was in Form at last concluded,

But all its Force the Priest eluded:

His Prosecutor now to dodge,

He forthwith his Appeal did lodge,

And Time protracted, but at last

Again was *Guilty* found, and *Cast*;

Of all the Crimes laid to his Charge,

So vile a Catalogue, so large,

Which with the blackest did abound,

He not from one Acquittance found.

See now the Use of those Delays,

Accomplish'd with the greatest Ease!

The Prosecution had depended

So very long before 'twas ended,

Had an *Indictment* been preferr'd,

The Priest at first might be deterr'd,

And

D

But

But wou'd most surely be acquitted,

So long the Fact had been committed.

The hopeful *Father of the Flock*,

Who thus the *Laiety* did mock,

Having by this his grand Design,

Which their Intent did countermine,

Prevail'd, the Process should depend

So long, before it had an End,

With a kind Brotherly Affection,

And by good Offices, Direction

Did humbly give to moderate

The vile Delinquent's rigid State;

And, as his Heart was now grown tender,

From Justice *screen* the Black Offender.

He thereupon was soon enlarged,

By Commutation then discharged,

And

And paid for Costs One Hundred Pound,

And, if not Grace, yet Favour found.

But still the Judge (it did behove him)

In Style the gravest did reprove him;

And then enjoyn'd him for the future

Not to become a *Podex-Suitor*.

Justice, which was at first alarm'd,

Of all its Power was thus disarm'd

To punish the most vile Offences,

Baffled with sham and fly Pretences!

Thus an Intriguing Man we've seen

In his Own Order Vices screen,

Which he, with Reverential Awe,

And all the Vengeance of the Law,

In Lay-mens Cases did pursue

With utmost Rage, a Thing not new!

A Pastor,

A Pastor, sure, of this Complexion,
 Whene'er there happens a Detection,
 Can never fail, without Dispute,
All Past'ral Letters to confute,
 Which any Man of any Note,
 For his own Sake, or others, wrote.



F I N I S.

